

# Comics

HERALD AND NEWS, KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON  
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## GLAMOR GIRLS



"Her shorthand and typing are terrible!"



"It must be a trial for you, starting married life with these prices—George and I have simply been starving!"

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY

B. J. R. WILLIAMS



COULD THIS BE NAPOLEON'S VEST FROM THE LOOKS OF IT THE OLD BOY MUST HAVE HAD A SHAKY DAY WITH HIS VEGETABLE SOUP!

THAT'S THE EMPEROR'S WESKIT—IT'S AS GENUINE AS A BABY'S FIRST TOOTH!—YOU CAN TELL MR. GUMHORN WHEN HE RETURNS THAT I'LL GIVE HIM \$1,000 FOR IT—AND I'LL BE BACK IN A WEEK OR SO!

FOR \$1,000 YOU MIGHT GET THE COAT AND PANTS, TOO!



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN



TROUBLE ALL OVER THE WORLD—FLOODS, FIRES, FAMINES, WARS, DISASTERS OF EVERY KIND—I'M A LUCKY MAN

BELIEVE ME, I'M NEVER GOING TO COMPLAIN AGAIN ABOUT TRIFLING LITTLE THINGS

DAWGONNIT—THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! A MAN CAN STAND JUST SO MUCH!

THE LAUNDRY PUT STARCH IN MY SHIRTS AGAIN!



I'M HUNGRY! WE EAT? PETUNA AN'T COME HOME YET, CECIL?

WHY DON'T YA MAKE A SANDWICH TO HOLD YA TILL SUPPER?

OKAY!

HEY, BUGS, I NEED SOME HELP!

OKAY, KID? WHAT'S YER TROUBLE?

I CAN'T FIND TH' LETTUCE!



I CAN SEE YOU'RE NO INDIAN...NO ENGLISHMAN EITHER, THOUGH YOU'RE FAIR SKIN...HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS A CAPTAIN?

I DIDN'T, BUT IT'S OBVIOUS YOU'RE A SOLDIER.

YES, SMITH IS THE NAME. CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH!

GLAD T'KNOW YOU, SIR...MY NAME IS OOP...YOU'RE HURT?

MY ANKLE...I'M ALL THAT'S LEFT OF AN EXPEDITION HOPED TO DEAL FOR FOOD FROM THE INDIANS.

POW-HATAN!

OH, DO YOU WELL, NO, CAPT, I'VE MET HIS DAUGHTER!



OBVIOUSLY COQUINA HAD NO CHANCE WHATSOEVER TO STASH HIS GUN IN HIS CAR! I'M SORRY YOU BOYS HAD THAT LONG SEARCH FOR NOTHING!

BUT I FOUND THIS PEARL-HANDLED GUN, CHIEF!

OH, DEAR! I FORGOT ABOUT THAT!

YOU GOT A PERMIT FOR IT, LADY?

YES, INDEED, HERE.

BUT THAT'S A MEXICAN LICENSE; IT'S NO GOOD HERE! BESIDES, IT'S EXPIRED!

TULLIS... THAT NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR—SAY, ANT YOU TH' FEMALE AUTHOR WHO SHOT A FELLER DOWN IN MEXICO?

WELL, A MR. ALRED DID HOP RIGHT IN FRONT OF A BULLET. THAT'S WHY I'VE KEPT THE PISTOL AS—WELL, AS SORT OF A SOUVENIR!

I SEE, WE BETTER HOLD 'EM TONIGHT, JOE. MAYBE I'LL FEEL MORE LIKE RASPLIN WITH THEIR CASE TOMORROW!

OH, MY SOUL!



— I DON'T BELIEVE I —

OH, NOW, SIR, COME, COME —

SURELY YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOUR OLD, DEAR AND TRUE FRIEND GOLLABY BUNCEWEED!

UH —

YEAH, SURE! SURE! WELL, UH — COME INSIDE!

AN, BLESS YOU! "WHEREVER THE STORM CARRIES ME, I GO, A WILLING GUEST!"



THAT GOAT JUST ATE A BASKET OF MY FANCIENT FLOWERS! I'LL SUE THE SCHOOL BOARD!

AND THEY'LL SUE US!

BOY, VANDYKE SURE GOES IN FOR A RICH DIET!

DON'T SEE HIM ANYWHERE! WE'VE LOST HIS TRAIL!

WELL, HE JUST HAD HIS SALAD! THAT MEANS IT'S CHOW TIME, AND I BET —

I TOLD YA WE'D FIND HIM HERE!

WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF THIS PLACE?

JUNK YARD

WELL, WHEN VANDYKE EATS HE WANTS EVERYTHING FROM SOUP TO NUTS!



IS—LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' SPECIAL?

JUST SHOPPIN' AROUND, KID—

GOT ANY GOOD BARGAINS IN ICE BOXES?

SURE—LOTS OF 'EM—GUT IN TH' BACK—I'LL SHOW YOU!

GO AHEAD, BOYS—I'LL JUST SIT HERE BY TH' DOOR—

O.K., CHUMP! WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT COME BACK TO SURPRISE US—GO, HERE'S A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



LET'S GO.



DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME?—I'M DOCTOR SA-BA-LOO, FROM CENTRAL HAITI.

I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU.

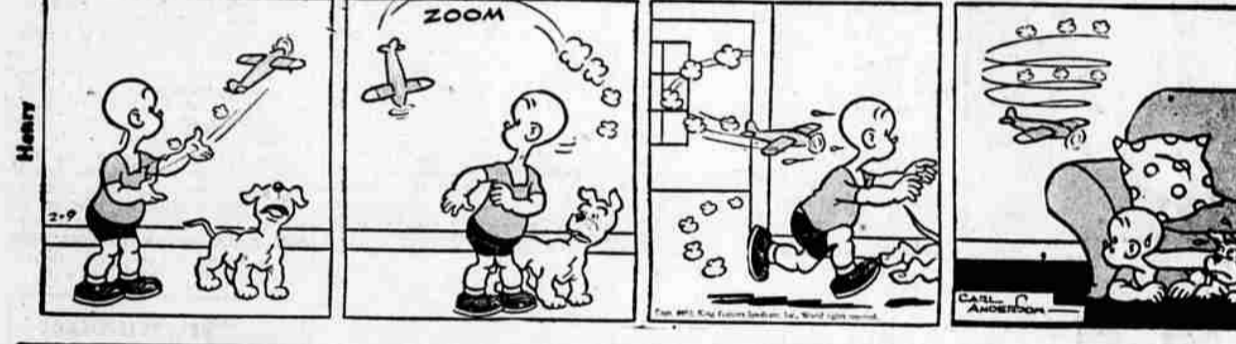
OOO—MAH HAID!! IT'S ON FIRE!!

KEEP COOL!!

THIS CASE IS RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY, DOCTOR. THE PATIENT INSISTS HIS HEAD IS BEING BOILED—OBVIOUSLY A SIMPLE CASE OF VOODOO!

YES, INDEED! REMINDS ME OF AN ANUSING INCIDENT, WHEN I WAS AN INTERNE IN A YAM-YAM TREE.

STOP SCREAMING, YOHUM!! YOU'RE INTERRUPTING THE CONSULTATION!!



ZOOM

Henry



Gasoline Alley

Wait, Joe Plazatski will fix us up with a fur coat, strictly wholesale!

We gave him a break on wicker furniture for his salon.

You'll have to pick one and then see if Miss Fluff is satisfied.

But suppose she quits—we're stuck with it!

That's easy. We're buying it on the installment plan. If she leaves we stop paying and Joe gets it back!



Smuffy Smith

HOW'S YORE LITTLE FELLER COMIN' ALONG, CRICKET?

OH, LAWSY!! HE WENT AN' POKED HIS THUMB IN HIS MOUTH THIS MORNIN', MIZ WHITE

WHEN MY THURLOW WUZ A LITTLE BABY HE SUCKIN' FOREVER AN' ETARNALLY SUCKIN' AWAY ON HIS THUMB AN' A-TWISTIN' HIS EAR-LOBE. BUT, SHUX!! IT NEVER HURT HIM NONE

DURN IT ALL, MAW!! YE NEEDN'T TELL EVER BLESSET SOUL IN TH' HOLLER



Loose Renegades

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE, YOU MUST HEAR WHAT I SAY!

THESE MEN KNOCKED ME OUT AND STOLE A BIG RIFLE. THEY USED IT TO SHOOT YOUR CHIEF, THEN THEY CAME AND TOOK FROM HIS BODY—

— THAT BELT!

COUNCIL HAS ALREADY SPOKEN, MAN AND YOU MUST DIE FOR MURDER OF OUR CHIEF!

CHARLES FENDERS



Stick 'em up, boys! Finally, I've caught you parking meter thieves!

WAITED FOR YOU 5 NIGHTS—I KNEW YOU'D BE AROUND.

LARRY! YOU KILLED HIM!

LET'S GO.



Little Orphan Annie

Harold Gray